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King ARTHUR:

OR,

The British Worthy.

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VERTISEMENT.

g that several of my Friends, in Buying my
s, &c. Bound together, have been impos'd
e Booksellers foisting in a Play which is not
have here; to prevent this for the future, set
Catalogue of my Plays and Poems in Quarto,
putting the Plays in the Order I wrote them.

John Dryden.

ESSAY on Dramatick Poetry.
Wild Gallant.
Rival Ladies.
Indian Emperor.
Maiden Queen.
Sir *Martin Mar-all.*
Tempest.
Evening Love.
Royal Martyr.
Conquest of *Granada*, in two Parts.
Marriage A-la-Mode.
Love in a Nunnery.
Amboyna.
State of Innocence.
Aurengzebe.
All for Love.
Limberham.
Oedipus.
Troilus and *Cressida.*
Spanish Fryar.
Duke of *Guise.*
Vindication of the Duke of *Guise.*
Don Sebastian.
Amphitryon.
King *Arthur.*
Annus Mirabilis, or, The Year of Wonders.
A Poem on the Return of King *Charles* II.
A Panegyrick on the Coronation of King *Charles* II.
A Poem to the Lord Chancellor *Hide.*
Absolom and *Achitophel.*
The Medal.
Religio Laici.
Elegy on the Death of King *Charles* II.
The *Hind* and *Panther.*
A Poem on the Birth of the Prince.

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The British Worthy.

A *Dramatick*

OPERA.

Perform'd at the *QUEENS* Theatre
By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

——Hic alta Theatris
Fundamenta locant: Scenis decora alta futuris. Virg. Æneid. 1.
Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni. Georg. 3. 10.
——Tanton' placuit concurrere motu. Æneid. 12.
Jupiter, æternâ Gentes in pace futuras?
Et Celebrare Domestica facta. Hor.

London, Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the Judges-Head
in Chancery-Lane near Fleet-street.

ration (the inherent Virtues of His Family) be remembred with a Grateful Veneration by Three Kingdoms, through which He spread the Blessings of them. And, as your Lordship held a principal *P*lace in His Esteem, and perhaps the first in His Affection, during His latter Troubles; the Success which accompanied those prudent Counsels, cannot but reflect an Honour on those few who manag'd them; and wrought out, by their Faithfulness and Diligence, the *P*ublick Safety. I might dilate on the Difficulties which attended that Undertaking, the Temper of the *P*eople, the *P*ower, Arts and Interest of the contrary *P*arty, but those are all of them Invidious Topicks; they are too green in our Remembrance; and he who touches on them, *Incedit per ignes, suppositos cineri doloso.* But without reproaching one side to praise another, I may justly recommend to both, those wholsom Counsels, which wisely administred, and as well executed, were the Means of preventing a Civil War, and of extinguishing a growing Fire which was just ready to have broken forth among us. So many Wives, who have yet their Husbands in their Arms; so many *P*arents, who have not the Number of their Children lessen'd; so many Villages, Towns and Cities, whose Inhabitants are not decreas'd, their *P*roperty violated, or their Wealth diminish'd, are yet owing to the sober Conduct, and happy Results of your Advice. If a true Account may be expected by future Ages, from the present, your Lordship will be delivered over to *P*osterity, in a fairer Character than I have given: And be read, not in the *P*reface of a *P*lay, (whose Author is not vain enough to promise Immortality to

others

others, or to hope it for himself) but in many Pages of a Chronicle, fill'd with Praises of your Administration. For if Writers be just to the Memory of King *CHARLES* the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact Knower of Mankind, and a perfect Distinguisher of their Talents. 'Tis true, his Necessities often forc'd him to vary his Councellours and Councils, and sometimes to employ such Persons in the Management of his Affairs, who were rather fit for his present purpose, than satisfactory to his Judgment: But where it was Choice in him, not Compulsion, he was Master of too much good Sense to delight in heavy Conversation; and whatever his Favourites of State might be, yet those of his Affection, were Men of Wit. He was easie with these; and comply'd only with the former: But in the latter part of his Life, which certainly requir'd to be most cautiously manag'd, his secret Thoughts were communicated but to few; and those selected of that sort, who were *Amici omnium Horarum*, able to advise him in a serious Consult, where his Honour and Safety were concern'd; and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleasant Discourse, as well as profitable. In this Maturest part of his Age, when he had been long season'd with Difficulties and Dangers, and was grown to a Niceness in his Choice, as being satisfied how few cou'd be trusted; and, of those who cou'd be trusted, how few cou'd serve him, he confined himself to a small Number of Bosom Friends; amongst whom, the World is much mistaken, if your Lordship was not first.

If the Rewards which you receiv'd for those Services, were only *Honours*, it rather shew'd the Necessities of the Times, than any want of Kindness in your Royal Master: And as the Splendour of your Fortune stood not in need of being supported by the Crown, so likewise in being satisfied without other Recompence, you show'd your self to be above a Mercenary Interest; and strengthen'd that Power, which bestowed those Titles on you: Which truly speaking, were Marks of Acknowledgment more than Favour.

But, as a Skilful Pilot will not be tempted out to Sea, in suspected Weather, so have you wisely chosen to withdraw your self from publick Business, when the Face of *Heaven* grew troubled; and the frequent shifting of the Winds foreshew'd a Storm: There are Times and Seasons when the best Patriots are willing to withdraw their *Hands* from the Commonwealth; as *Phocion* in his latter Days was observ'd to decline the Management of Affairs: Or, as *Cicero*, (to draw the Similitude more home) left the Pulpit, for *Tusculum*, and the praise of Oratory, for the sweet Enjoyments of a private Life. And, in the Happiness of those Retirements, has more oblig'd Posterity by his *Moral Precepts*, than he did the Republick, in quelling the Conspiracy of *Catiline*. What prudent Man, would not rather follow the Example of his Retreat, than stay like *Cato*, with a stubborn unseasonable Virtue, to oppose the Torrent of the People, and at last be driven from the Market-place by a Riot of a Multitude, uncapable of Counsel, and deaf to Eloquence? There is likewise a Portion of our Lives, which every

Wife

Wise Man may justly reserve to his own peculiar use, and that without defrauding his Native Coutry. A Roman Soldier was allow'd to plead the Merit of his Services for his dismission at such an Age; and there was but one Exception to that Rule, which was, an Invasion from the *Gauls*. How far that, may work with your Lordship, I am not certain; but I hope it is not coming to the Trial.

In the mean time, while the Nation is secur'd from Foreign Attempts, by so powerful a Fleet, and we enjoy not only the Happiness, but even the Ornaments of Peace, in the Divertisement of the Town, I humbly offer you this Trifle, which if it succeed upon the Stage, is like to be the chiefest Entertainment of our Ladies and Gentlemen this Summer. When I wrote it, seven Years ago, I employ'd some reading about it, to inform my self out of *Beda*, *Bochartus*, and other Authors, concerning the Rites and Customs of the Heathen Saxons; as I also us'd the little Skill I have in Poetry to adorn it. But not to offend the present Times, nor a Government which has hitherto protected me, I have been oblig'd so much to alter the first Design, and take away so many Beauties from the Writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the present Ship of the *Royal Sovereign*, after so often taking down, and altering, to the Vessel it was at the first Building. There is nothing better, than what I intended, but the Musick; which has since arriv'd to a greater Perfection in *England*, than ever formerly; especially passing through the Artful *H*ands of Mr. *Purcel*, who has Com-

Compos'd it with so great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging Audience. But the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Musick, are sometimes so contrary, that in many places I have been oblig'd to cramp my Verses, and make them rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the *H*earer: Of which I have no Reason to repent me, because these sorts of Entertainment are principally design'd for the Ear and Eye; and therefore in Reason my Art on this occasion, ought to be subservient to his And besides, I flatter my self with an Imagination, that a Judicious Audience will easily distinguish betwixt the Songs, wherein *I* have comply'd with him, and those in which *I* have followed the Rules of Poetry, in the Sound and Cadence of the Words Notwithstanding all these Disadvantages, there is somewhat still remaining of the first Spirit with which *I* wrote it: And, though *I* can only speak by ghess, of what pleas'd my first and best Patroness the Dutchess of *Monmouth* in the reading, yet *I* will venture my Opinion, by the knowledge *I* have long had of her Graces Excellent Judgment, and true taste of Poetry, that the parts of the Airy and Earthy Spirits, and that Fairy kind of writing, which depends only upon the Force of Imagination, were the Grounds of her liking the Poem, and afterwards of her Recommending it to the Queen *I* have likewise had the satisfaction to hear, that *H*er Majesty has Graciously been pleas'd to peruse the Manuscript of this *Opera*, and given it *H*er Royal Approbation Poets, who subsist not but on the Favour of Sovereign Princes, and of great Persons,

may

may have leave to be a little vain, and boast of their Patronage, who encourage the Genius that animates them. And therefore *I* will again presume to ghess, that *Her* Majesty was not displeas'd to find in this Poem the Praises of *Her* Native Country; and the *Heroick* Actions of so famous a Predecessor in the Government of *Great Britain*, as King *Arthur*.

All this, My Lord, *I* must confess, looks with a kind of Insinuation, that *I* present you with somewhat not unworthy your Protection: But *I* may easily mistake the Favour of *Her* Majesty for *Her* Judgment: *I* think *I* cannot be deceiv'd in thus addressing to your Lordship, whom *I* have had the *Honour* to know, at that distance which becomes me, for so many Years. 'Tis true, that formerly *I* have shadow'd some part of your Virtues, under another Name; but the Character, though short and imperfect, was so true, that it broke through the Fable, and was discover'd by its Native Light. What *I* pretend by this Dedication, is an *Honour* which *I* do my self to Posterity, by acquainting them that *I* have been conversant with the first Persons of the Age in which *I* liv'd; and thereby perpetuate my *Prose*, when my Verses may possibly be forgotten, or obscur'd by the Fame of Future Poets. Which Ambition, amongst my other Faults and Imperfections, be pleased to pardon, in

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KIng *Arthur*. ——————— Mr. *Betterton*.
Oſwald, King of *Kent*, a Saxon and a Heathen. ——————— Mr. *Williams*.
Conon, Duke of *Corawal*, Tributary to King *Arthur*. Mr. *Hodgſon*.
Merlin, a famous Inchanter. ——— Mr. *Kynaſton*.
Oſmond, a Saxon Magician, and a Heathen. ——— Mr. *Sandford*.
Aurelius, Friend to *Arthur*. ——— Mr. *Alexander*.
Albanact, Captain of *Arthur*'s Guards. — Mr. *Bowen*.
Guillamar, Friend to *Oſwald*. ——— Mr. *Harris*.

WOMEN.

Emmeline, Daughter of *Conon*. ——— Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Matilda, her Attendant. ——————— Mrs. *Richardſon*.

Philidel, an Airy Spirit. ——————— Mrs. *Butler*.
Grimbald, an Earthy Spirit. ——— Mr. *Bowman*.

Officers and Soldiers, Singers and Dancers, *&c.*

Scene in *KENT*.

King

Prologue to the OPERA,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

SUre there's a Dearth of Wit in this dull Town,
When silly Plays so savourly go down:
As when Clipp'd Money passes, 'tis a sign
A Nation is not over-stock'd with Coin.
Happy is he, who, in his own Defence,
Can Write just level to your humble Sence;
Who higher than your Pitch can never go;
And doubtless, he must creep, who Writes below.
So have I seen in Hall of Knight, or Lord,
A weak Arm, throw on a long Shovel-Board,
He barely lays his Piece, bar Rubs and Knocks,
Secur'd by Weakness not to reach the Box.
A Feeble Poet will his Bus'ness do;
Who straining all he can, comes up to you:
For if you like your Selves, you like him too.
An Ape his own Dear Image will embrace;
An ugly Beau *adores a Hatchet Face:*
So some of you, on pure instinct of Nature,
Are led, by Kind, t' admire your fellow Creature.
In fear of which, our House has sent this Day,
T' insure our New-Built-Vessel, call'd a Play.
No sooner Nam'd, than one crys out, These Stagers
Come in good time, to make more Work for Wagers.
The Town divides, if it will take, or no;
The Courtiers Bet, the Cits, the Merchants too;
A sign they have but little else to do.

Betts,

Betts, at the first, were Fool-Traps; where the Wise
Like Spiders, lay in Ambush for the Flies:
But now they're grown a common Trade for all,
And Actions, by the News-Book, Rise and Fall.
Wits, Cheats, and Fops, are free of VVager-Hall.
One Policy, as far as Lyons *carries;*
Another, nearer home sets up for Paris.
Our Betts, at last, wou'd ev'n to Rome *extend,*
But that the Pope has prov'd our Trusty Friend.
Indeed, it were a Bargain, worth our Money,
Cou'd we insure another Ottobuoni.
Among the rest, there are a sharping Sett,
That Pray for us, and yet against us Bett:
Sure Heav'n it self, is at a loss to know,
If these wou'd have their Pray'rs be heard, or no:
For in great Stakes, we piously suppose,
Men Pray but very faintly they may lose.
Leave off these VVagers; for in Conscience Speaking,
The City needs not your new Tricks for Breaking:
And if you Gallants lose, to all appearing
You'll want an Equipage for Volunteering;
While thus, no Spark of Honour left within ye,
When you shou'd draw the Sword, you draw the Guinea.

King

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The British Worthy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Conon, Aurelius, Albanact.

Con. THen this is the deciding Day, to fix
Great Britain's Scepter in great *Arthur*'s Hand.
Aur. Or put it in the bold Invaders gripe.
Arthur and *Oswald*, and their different Fates,
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heaven.
Con. In Ten set Battles have we driven back
These Heathen Saxons, and regain'd our Earth.
As Earth recovers from an Ebbing Tide,
Her half-drown'd Face, and lifts it o'er the Waves.
From *Severn*'s Banks, even to this *Barren-Down*,
Our foremost Men have prest their fainty Rear,
And not one Saxon Face has been beheld;
But all their Backs, and Shoulders have been stuck
With foul dishoneſt Wounds: Now here, indeed,
Because they have no further Ground, they stand.
Aur. Well have we chose a Happy day for Fight;
For every Man, in course of time, has found
Some days are lucky, some unfortunate.

Alb. But why this day more lucky than the rest?
Con. Because this day
Is Sacred to the Patron of our Isle;
A Christian, and a Souldiers Annual Feast. (*docia*'s Day.
Alb. Oh, now I understand you, This is St. *George* of *Cappa-*
Well, It may be so, but Faith I was Ignorant; we Soldiers
Seldom examine the Rubrick; and now and then a Saint may
Happen to slip by us; But if he be a Gentleman Saint, he will
Forgive us.
Con. Oswald, undoubtedly will Fight it bravely.
Aur. And it behoves him well, 'tis his last Stake. [*To* Alb.
But what manner of Man is this *Oswald*? Have ye ever seen him?
Al. Ne'er but once; & that was to my Cost too; I follow'd him
And to say Truth, somwhat Uncivilly, upon a Rout; (too close,
But he turn'd upon me, as quick and as round, as a chaff'd Boar;
And gave me two Licks across the Face, to put me
In mind of my Christianity.
Con. I know him well; he's free and open Hearted.
Aur. His Countries Character: That Speaks a German.
Con. Revengeful, rugged, violently brave; and once re-
solv'd is never to be mov'd.
Alb. Yes, he's a valiant Dog, Pox on him.
Con. This was the Character he then maintain'd,
When in my Court, he sought my Daughters Love:
My Fair, Blind, *Emmeline*. (*wall:*
Alb. I cannot blame him for Courting the Heiress of *Corn-*
All Heiresses are Beautiful; and as Blind as she is, he would have
No Blind Bargain of her. (had
Aur. For that Defeat in Love, he rais'd this War.
For Royal *Arthur* Reign'd within her Heart,
Ere *Oswald* mov'd his Sute.
Con. Ay, now *Aurelius*, you have Nam'd a Man;
One, whom besides the Homage that I owe,
As *Cornwall*'s Duke, to his Imperial Crown,
I wou'd have chosen out, from all Mankind,
To be my Soveraign Lord.
Aur. His Worth divides him from the crowd of Kings;
So Born, without Desert to be so Born;
Men, set aloft, to be the Scourge of Heaven;
And with long Arms, to lash the Under-World.

Con.

Con. Arthur is all that's Excellent in *Oswald*;
And void of all his Faults: In Battle brave;
But still Serene in all the Stormy War,
Like Heaven above the Clouds; and after Fight,
As Merciful and Kind, to vanquisht Foes,
As a Forgiving God; but see, he's here,
And Praise is Dumb before him.

Enter King Arthur, *Reading a Letter, with Attendants.*

Arthur Reading. Go on, Auspicious Prince, the Stars are kind:
Unfold thy Banners to the willing Wind;
While I, with Aiery Legions, help thy Arms;
Confronting Art with Art, and Charms with Charms.
So *Merlin* writes; nor can we doubt th' event, [*To* Con.
With Heav'n and you to Friends; Oh Noble *Conon*,
You taught my tender Hands the Trade of War;
And now again you Helm your hoary Head,
And under double weight of Age and Arms,
Assert your Countries Freedom, and my Crown.

Con. No more, my Son.

Arth. Most happy in that Name!
Your *Emmeline*, to *Oswald*'s Vows refus'd,
You made my plighted Bride:
Your Charming Daughter, who like Love, Born Blind,
Un-aiming hits, with surest Archery,
And Innocently kills.

Con. Remember, Son,
You are a General, other Wars require you.
For see the *Saxon* Gross begins to move.

Arth. Their Infantry Embattel'd, square and close,
March firmly on, to fill the middle Space:
Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry.
By Heav'n, 'tis Beauteous Horrour:
The Noble *Oswald* has provok'd my Envy.

Enter Emmeline, *led by* Matilda.

Ha! Now my Beauteous *Emmeline* appears
Anew, but Oh, a softer Flame, inspires me:

Even Rage and Vengeance, ſlumber at her ſight.

Con. Haſte your Farewel; I'll chear my Troops, and wait ye.
[*Exit* Conon.

Em. Oh Father, Father, I am ſure you're here;
Becauſe I ſee your Voice.

Arth. No, thou miſtak'ſt thy hearing for thy ſight;
He's gone, my *Emmeline*;
And I but ſtay to gaze on thoſe fair Eyes,
Which cannot view the Conqueſt they have made.
Oh Star-like Night, dark only to thy ſelf,
But full of Glory, as thoſe Lamps of Heav'n
That ſee not, when they ſhine.

Em. What is this Heav'n, and Stars, and Night, and Day,
To which you thus compare my Eyes and me?
I underſtand you, when you ſay you love:
For, when my Father claſps my Hand in his,
That's cold; and I can feel it hard and wrinkl'd;
But when you graſp it, then I ſigh and pant,
And ſomething ſmarts, and tickles at my Heart.

Arth. Oh Artleſs Love! where the Soul moves the Tongue,
And only Nature ſpeaks what Nature thinks!
Had ſhe but Eyes!

Em. Juſt now you ſaid I had:
I ſee 'em, I have two.

Arth. But neither ſee.

Em. I'm ſure they hear you then:
What can your Eyes do more?

Arth. They view your Beauties.

Em. Do not I ſee? You have a Face, like mine,
Two Hands, and two round, pretty, riſing *Breaſts*,
That heave like mine.

Arth. But you deſcribe a Woman.
Nor is it ſight, but touching with your Hands.

Em. Then 'tis my Hand that ſees, and that's all one:
For is not ſeeing, touching with your Eyes?

Arth. No, for I ſee at diſtance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can ſee ſo far, and yet not touch,
I fear you ſee my Naked Legs and Feet
Quite through my Cloaths; pray do not ſee ſo well.

Arth. Fear not, ſweet Innocence;

I view the lovely Features of your Face;
Your Lips Carnation, your dark shaded Eye-brows,
Black Eyes, And Snow white Forehead; all the Colours
That make your Beauty, and produce my Love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms:
I love you dearly, without all these helps:
I cannot see your Lips Carnation,
Your shaded Eye-brows, nor your Milk-white Eyes.

Arth. You still mistake.

Em. Indeed I thought you had a Nose and Eyes,
And such a Face as mine; have not Men Faces?

Arth. Oh, none like yours, so excellently fair.

Em. Then wou'd I had no Face; for I wou'd be
Just such a one as you.

Arth. Alas, 'tis vain to instruct your Innocence,
You have no Notion of Light or Colours.

Emmel. Why, is not that a Trumpet? (*Trumpet sound within.*

Arth. Yes.

Em. I knew it.
And I can tell you how the sound on't looks:
It looks as if it had an angry fighting Face.

Arth. 'Tis now indeed a sharp unpleasant sound,
Because it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet Ten thousand Foes.

Em. How does so many Men ee'r come to meet?
This Devil Trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about, for one anothers Faces;
And so they meet, and kill.

Arth. I'll tell ye all, when we have gain'd the Field;
One kiss of your fair Hand, the pledge of Conquest,
And so a short farewel. { *Kisses her Hand, and* Exit *with* Aurel. Alb. *and Attendants.*

Em. My Heart, and Vows, go with him to the Fight:
May every Foe, be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their Swords have Eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the Trumpet's Face;
For that brave Sound upholds my fainting Heart;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my part.
(*Exit. led by* Matilda.

Enter

Enter Oſwald *and* Oſmond.

The Scene repreſents a place of Heathen worſhip; The three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor, *and* Freya *placed on Pedeſtals. An Altar.*

Oſmo. 'Tis time to haſten our myſterious Rites;
Becauſe your Army waits you.

Oſwald *making three Bows before the three Images.*

Oſwa. Thor, Freya, Woden, all ye Saxon Powers,
Hear and revenge my Father *Hengiſt*'s death.

Oſmo. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden,* hear.
Mount thy hot Courſer, drive amidſt thy Foes;
Lift high thy thund'ring Arm, let every blow
Daſh out a miſ-believing Briton's Brains.

Oſwa. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden* hear;
Give Conqueſt to thy Saxon Race, and me.

Oſmo. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and ſpell your Saxons,
With Sacred Runick Rhimes, from Death in Battle.
Edge their bright Swords, and blunt the Britons Darts.
No more, Great Prince, for ſee my truſty Fiend,
Who all the Night has wing'd the dusky Air.

Grimbald, *a fierce earthy Spirit ariſes.*

What news, my *Grimbald?*

Grim. I have plaid my part;
For I have Steel'd the Fools that are to dye;
Six Fools, ſo prodigal of Life and Soul,
That, for their Country, they devote their Lives
A Sacrifice to Mother Earth, and *Woden.*

Oſmo. 'Tis well; But are we ſure of Victory?

Grim. Why ask'ſt thou me?
Inſpect their Intrails, draw from thence thy Gueſs:
Bloud we muſt have, without it we are dumb.

Oſmo. Say, Where's thy fellow-ſervant, *Philidel?*
Why comes not he?

Grim. For, he's a puleing Sprite.
Why didſt thou chuſe a tender airy Form,
Unequal to the mighty work of Miſchief;
His Make is flitting, ſoft, and yielding Atomes:
He trembles at the yawning gulph of Hell,
Nor dares approach the Flame, leſt he ſhou'd ſinge
His gaudy ſilken Wings.

He ſighs when he ſhould plunge a Soul in Sulphur,
As with Compaſſion, touch'd of fooliſh man.
Oſm. What a half Devil's he?
His Errand was, to draw the Low-land damps,
And Noiſom vapours, from the foggy Fens:
Then, breath the baleful ſtench, with all his force,
Full on the faces of our Chriſtned Foes.
Grim. Accordingly he drein'd thoſe Marſhy-grounds;
And bagg'd 'em in a blue peſtiferous Cloud;
Which when he ſhou'd have blown, the frighted Elf
Eſpy'd the Red Croſs Banners of their Hoſt;
And ſaid he durſt not add to his damnation.
Oſm. I'le puniſh him at leiſure;
Call in the Victims to propitiate Hell.
Grim. That's my kind Maſter, I ſhall break faſt on 'em.

Grimbald *goes to the Door, and Re-enters with 6 Saxons in White, with Swords in their hands. They range themſelves 3 and 3 in oppoſition to each other.*

The reſt of the Stage is fill'd with Prieſts and Singers.

WOden, *firſt to thee,*
A Milk white Steed, in Battle won,
We have Sacrific'd.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
Verſ. *Let our next Oblation be,*
To Thor, *thy thundring Son,*
Of ſuch another.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
Verſ. *A third;* (*of* Friezeland *breed was he,*)
To Woden's *Wife, and to* Thor's *Mother.*
And now we have atton'd all three
We have Sacrific'd.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*

The

2 Voc. *The VVhite Horse Neigh'd aloud.*
To VVoden *thanks we render.*
To VVoden, *we have vow'd.*
Chor. *To* VVoden, *our Defender.*
} The four last Lines in CHORUS.

Vers. *The Lot is Cast, and* Tanfan *pleas'd:*
Chor. *Of Mortal Cares you shall be eas'd,*
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Honour prizing,
Death despising,
Fame acquiring
By Expiring,
Dye, and reap the fruit of Glory.
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.

Vers. 2. *I call ye all,*
To VVoden's *Hall;*
Your Temples round
VVith Ivy bound,
In Goblets Crown'd,
And plenteous Bowls of burnish'd Gold;
VVhere you shall Laugh,
And dance and quaff,
The Juice, that makes the Britons bold.

The six Saxons are led off by the Priests, in Order to be Sacrific'd.

Osw. Ambitious Fools we are,
And yet Ambition is a Godlike Fault:
Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls Born great,
Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds.
Now *Britany* prepare to change thy State,
And from this Day begin thy Saxon date.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

A Battle supposed to be given behind the Scenes, with Drums, Trumpets, and Military Shouts and Excursions: After which, the *Britons*, expressing their Joy for the Victory, sing this Song of Triumph.

COme if you dare, our Trumpets sound;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double Beat of the Thundring Drum.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The Gods from above the Mad Labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will perish for Gold.

The Fainting Saxons *quit their Ground,*
Their Trumpets Languish in the Sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, *the Bold* Britons *cry.*

Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Lasses like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquish'd Invaders.

ACT II.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. Alas, for pity, of this bloody Field!
Piteous it needs must be, when I, a Spirit,
Can have so soft a sense of Humane Woes!
Ah! for so many Souls, as but this Morn'
Were cloath'd with Flesh, and warm'd with Vital Blood,
But naked now, or shirted but with Air!

[Merlin, *with Spirits, descends to* Philidel, *on a Chariot drawn by Dragons.*

Mer. What art thou, Spirit, of what Name and Order?
(For I have view'd thee in my Magick Glass,)
Making thy moan, among the Midnight Wolves,
That Bay the silent Moon: Speak, I Conjure thee.
'Tis *Merlin* bids thee, at whose awful Wand,
The pale Ghost quivers, and the grim Fiend gasps.

Phil. An Airy Shape, the tender'st of my kind,
The last seduc'd, and least deform'd of Hell;
Half white, and shuffl'd in the Crowd, I fell;
Desirous to repent, and loth to sin,
Awkward in Mischief, piteous of Mankind,
My Name is *Philidel*, my Lot in Air,
Where next beneath the Moon, and nearest Heav'n,
I soar; and have a Glimpse to be receiv'd,
For which the swarthy *Demons* envy me.

Mer. Thy Business here?

Phil. To shun the Saxon Wizards dire Commands,
Osmond, the awful'st Name next thine below,
'Cause I refus'd to hurl a Noysom Fog
On Christen'd Heads, the Hue and Cry of Hell
Is rais'd against me, for a Fugitive Spright.

Mer. *Osmond* shall know, a greater Power protects thee;

But

But follow thou the Whispers of thy Soul,
That draw thee nearer Heav'n.
And, as thy place is neareſt to the Sky,
The Rays will reach thee firſt, and bleach thy Soot.

Phil. In hope of that, I ſpread my Azure Wings,
And wiſhing ſtill, for yet I dare not pray,
I bask in Day-light, and behold with Joy
My Scum work outward, and my Ruſt wear off.

Mer. Why, 'tis my hopeful Devil; now mark me, *Philidel*,
I will employ thee, for thy future Good:
Thou know'ſt, in ſpite of Valiant *Oſwald*'s Arms,
Or *Oſmond*'s Powerful Spells, the Field is ours. ——
Phil. Oh Maſter! haſten
Thy Dread Commands; for *Grimbald* is at Hand;
Oſmond's fierce Fiend, I ſnuff his Earthy Scent:
The Conquering *Britons*, he miſleads to Rivers,
Or dreadful Downfalls of unheeded Rocks;
Where many fall, that ne'er ſhall riſe again.

Mer. Be that thy care, to ſtand by falls of Brooks,
And trembling Bogs, that bear a Green-Sword ſhow.
Warn off the bold Purſuers from the Chace:
No more, they come, and we divide the Taſk.
But leſt fierce *Grimbald*'s pond'rous Bulk oppreſs
Thy tender flitting Air, I'll leave my Band
Of Spirits with United Strength to Aid thee,
And Force with Force repel.

Exit Merlin *on his Chariot.*
Merlin's *Spirits ſtay with* Philidel.

Enter Grimbald *in the Habit of a Shepherd, follow'd by King* Arthur, Conon, *Aurelius*, *Albanact and Soldiers, who wander at a diſtance in the Scenes.*

Grim. Here, this way, *Britons*, follow *Oſwald*'s flight;
This Evening as I whiſtl'd out my Dog,
To drive my ſtraggling Flock, and pitch'd my Fold,
I ſaw him dropping Sweat, o'er labour'd, ſtiff,
Make faintly as he could, to yonder Dell.
Tread in my Steps; long Neighbourhood by Day

Has made these Fields familiar in the Night.
Arth. I thank thee, Shepherd;
Expect Reward, lead on, we follow thee.

Phil. Sings. *Hither this way, this way bend,*
Trust not that Malicious Fiend:
Those are false deluding Lights,
Wafted far and near by Sprights.
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in Bogs and Marshes leave ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Phil. Sings. *If you step, no Danger thinking,*
Down you fall, a Furlong sinking:
'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidel's Spirits. *Trust not that Malicious Fiend.*

Grimbalds Spirits. *Trust me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*

Philidel's Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.

Con. Some wicked Phantom, Foe to Human kind,
Misguides our Steps.
Alba. I'll follow him no farther.
Grimbald speaks. By Hell she sings 'em back, in my despight.
I had a Voice in Heav'n, ere Sulph'rous Steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarseness; but I'll try.

He

He sings. *Let not a Moon-born Elf mislead ye,*
From your Prey, and from your Glory.
Too far, Alas, he has betray'd ye:
Follow the Flames, that wave before ye:
Sometimes few'n, and sometimes one;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

2.

See, see, the Footsteps plain appearing,
That way Oswald *chose for flying:*
Firm is the Turff, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder Pearly Dews are lying.
Far he cannot hence be gone;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

Aur. 'Tis true, he says; the Footsteps yet are fresh
Upon the Sod, no falling Dew-Drops have
Disturb'd the Print. [*All are going to follow* Grimbald.

Philidel sings. *Hither this way.*

Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*

Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*

Philidels Spirits. *Trust not that Malicious Fiend.*

Grimb. Spirits. *Trust me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*

Philidels Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.

They all incline to Philidel.

Grimb.

Grim. speaks. Curse on her Voice, I must my Prey forego;
Thou, *Philidel,* shalt answer this, below.
[Grimbald *sinks with a Flash.*

Arth. At last the Cheat is plain;
The Cloven-footed Fiend is Vanish'd from us;
Good *Angels* be our Guides, and bring us back.

Phil. singing. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*

Chor. *Come follow,* &c.

And me. And me. And me. And me.

Vers. 2 Voc. *And Green-Sword all your way shall be.*

Chor. *Come follow,* &c.

Vers. *No* Goblin *or* Elf *shall dare to offend ye.*

Chor. *No, no, no,* &c.
No Goblin *or* Elf *shall dare to offend ye.*

Vers. 3 Voc. *We Brethren of Air,*
You Hero's *will bear,*
To the Kind and the Fair that attend ye.

Chor. *We Brethren,* &c.

Philidel *and the Spirits go off singing, with* King Arthur *and the rest in the middle of them.*

Enter Emmeline *led by* Matilda. *Pavilion Scene.*

Em. No News of my Dear Love, or of my Father?
Mat. None, Madam, since the gaining of the Battel;
Great *Arthur* is a Royal Conqueror now,
And well deserves your Love.
Em. But now I fear
He'll be too great, to love poor silly me.

If

If he be dead, or never come agen,
I mean to die: But there's a greater doubt,
Since I ne'er ſaw him here,
How ſhall I meet him in another World?
Mat. I have heard ſomething, how two Bodies meet,
But how Souls joyn, I know not.
Em. I ſhou'd find him,
For ſurely I have ſeen him in my Sleep,
And then, methought, he put his Mouth to mine,
And eat a thouſand Kiſſes on my Lips;
Sure by his Kiſſing I cou'd find him out
Among a thouſand Angels in the Sky.
Mat. But what a kind of Man do you ſuppoſe him?
Em. He muſt be made of the moſt precious things:
And I believe his Mouth, and Eyes, and Cheeks,
And Noſe, and all his Face, are made of Gold.
Mat. Heav'n bleſs us, Madam, what a Face you make him.
If it be yellow, he muſt have the Jaundies,
And that's a bad Diſeaſe.
Em. Why then do Lovers give a thing ſo bad
As Gold, to Women, whom ſo well they love?
Mat. Becauſe that bad thing, Gold, buys all good things.
Em. Yet I muſt know him better: Of all Colours,
Tell me which is the pureſt, and the ſofteſt.
Mat. They ſay 'tis Black.
Em. Why then, ſince Gold is hard, and yet is precious,
His Face muſt all be made of ſoft, black Gold.
Mat. But, Madam———
Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.
Mat. Here are a Crew of Kentiſh Lads and Laſſes
Wou'd entertain ye, till your Lord's return,
With Songs and Dances, to divert your Cares.
Em. O bring 'em in,
For tho' I cannot ſee the Songs, I love 'em;
And Love, they tell me, is a Dance of Hearts.

Enter

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

1 Shepherd sings.
How blest are Shepherds, how happy their Lasses,
While Drums & Trumpets are sounding Alarms!
Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storm passes;
And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
All the Day on our Herds, and Flocks employing;
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
Chor. *All the Day,* &c.

2.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, *with Graces attended,*
Let not your Days without Pleasure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praise you, but none will desire.
Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;
Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
Chor. *Let not Youth,* &c.

Here the Men offer their Flutes to the Women, which they refuse.

2 Shepherdess.
Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying,
Pipes are sweet, a Summers Day;
But a little after Toying,
Women have the Shot to Pay.

2.

Here are Marriage-Vows for signing,
Set their Marks that cannot write:
After that, without Repining,
Play and Welcom, Day and Night.

Here the Women give the Men Contracts, which they accept.

Chor.

Chor. of all. *Come, Shepherds, lead up, a lively Measure;*
The Cares of Wedlock, are Cares of Pleasure:
But whether Marriage bring Joy, or Sorrow,
Make sure of this Day, and hang to Morrow.

The Dance after the Song, and Exeunt *Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Enter on the other side of the Stage, Oswald *and* Guillamar.

Osw. The Night has wilder'd us; and we are fain
Among their foremost Tents.
Guill. Ha! What are these!
They seem of more than Vulgar Quality.
Em. What Sounds are those? They cannot far be distant:
Where are we now, *Matilda?*
Mat. Just before your Tent:
Fear not, they must be Friends, and they approach.
Em. My *Arthur*, speak, my Love; Are you return'd
To bless your *Emmeline?*
Osw. to Guilla. I know that Face:
'Tis my Ungrateful Fair, who, scorning mine,
Accepts my Rivals Love: Heav'n, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'st me nothing now.
Mat. Fear grows upon me:
Speak what you are; speak, or I call for help.
Osw. We are your Guards.
Mat. Ah me! We are betray'd; 'tis *Oswald*'s Voice.
Em. Let 'em not see our Voices, and then they cannot find us.
Osw. Passions in Men Oppress'd, are doubly strong.
I take her from King *Arthur*; there's Revenge:
If she can love, she buoys my sinking Fortunes:
Good Reasons both: I'll on. ——— Fear nothing, Ladies,
You shall be safe. *Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda.*
Em. & Matil. Help, help; a Rape, a Rape!
Osw. By Heav'n ye injure me, thô Force is us'd,
Your Honour shall be sacred.
Em. Help, help, Oh *Britons*, help!
Osw. Your *Britons* cannot help you:

This Arm, through all their Troops, shall force my way;
Yet neither quit my Honour, nor my Prey.

Exeunt, the Women still crying.

An Alarm within: Some Soldiers running over the Stage: Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Albanact *Captain of the Guards, with Soldiers.*

Alb. Which way went th' Alarm?

1. *Sol.* Here, towards the Castle.

Alb. Pox o' this Victory; the whole Camp's debauch'd:
All Drunk or Whoring: This way, follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

The Alarm renews: Clashing of Swords within for a while.

Re-enter Albanact, *Officer and Soldiers.*

Officer. How sits the Conquest on great *Arthur*'s Brow?

Alba. As when the Lover, with the King is mixt,
He puts the gain of *Britain* in a Scale,
Which weighing with the loss of *Emmeline*,
He thinks he's scarce a Saver. *Trumpet within.*

Officer. Hark! a Trumpet!
It sounds a Parley.

Alba. 'Tis from *Oswald* then,
An Eccho to King *Arthur*'s Friendly Summons,
Sent since he heard the Rape of *Emmeline*,
To ask an Interview. *Trumpet answering on the other side.*

Officer. But hark! already
Our Trumpet makes reply; and see both present.

Enter Arthur *on one side attended,* Oswald *on the other with Attendants, and* Guillamar. *They meet and salute.*

Arthur. Brave *Oswald!* We have met on Friendlier Terms,
Companions of a War, with Common Interest
Against the Bordering *Picts*: But Times are chang'd.

Oswa. And I am sorry that those Times are chang'd:
For else we now might meet, on Terms as Friendly.

Arth. If

Arth. If so we meet not now, the fault's your own;
For you have wrong'd me much.
Oswa. Oh you wou'd tell me,
I call'd more *Saxons* in, t' enlarge my Bounds:
If those be Wrongs, the War has well redress'd ye.
Arth. Mistake me not, I count not War a Wrong:
War is the Trade of Kings, that fight for Empire;
And better be a Lyon, than a Sheep.
Oswa. In what, then, have I wrong'd ye?
Arth. In my Love.
Oswa. Even Love's an Empire too; The Noble Soul,
Like Kings, is Covetous of single Sway.
Arth. I blame ye not, for loving *Emmeline*:
But since the Soul is free, and Love is choice,
You shou'd have made a Conquest of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Person by a Rape.
Oswa. Whether by Force, or Stratagem, we gain;
Still Gaining is our End, in War or Love.
Her Mind's the Jewel, in her Body lock'd;
If I would gain the Gem, and want the Key,
It follows I must seize the Cabinet:
But to secure your fear, her Honour is untouch'd.
Arth. Was Honour ever safe in Brutal Hands?
So safe are Lambs within the Lyons Paw;
Ungrip'd and plaid with, till fierce Hunger calls,
Then Nature shews it self; the close-hid Nails
Are stretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.
But if indeed, you are so Cold a Lover ——
Oswa. Not Cold, but Honourable.
Arth. Then Restore her.
That done, I shall believe you Honourable.
Oswa. Think'st thou I will forego a Victor's Right?
Arth. Say rather, of an Impious Ravisher.
That Castle, were it wall'd with *Adamant*,
Can hide thy Head, but till to Morrow's Dawn.
Oswa. And ere to Morrow, I may be a God,
If *Emmeline* be kind: But kind or cruel,
I tell thee, *Arthur*, but to see this Day,
That Heavenly Face, tho' not to have her mine,
I would give up a hundred Years of Life,

And bid Fate cut to Morrow.

Arth. It soon will come, and thou repent too late;
Which to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honest.
Thy Noble Head, accustom'd to a Crown,
Shall wear it still: Nor shall thy Hand forget
The Sceptre's use: From *Medway*'s pleasing Stream,
To *Severn*'s Roar, be thine,
In short, Restore my Love, and share my Kingdom.

Osw. Not, tho' you spread my Sway from *Thames* to *Tyber*;
Such Gifts might bribe a King, but not a Lover.

Arth. Then prithee give me back my Kingly Word,
Pass'd for thy safe return; and let this Hour,
In single Combat, Hand to Hand, decide
The Fate of Empire, and of *Emmeline*.

Osw. Not, that I fear, do I decline this Combat;
And not decline it neither, but defer:
When *Emmeline* has been my Prize as long
As she was thine, I dare thee to the Duel.

Arth. I nam'd your utmost Term of Life; To Morrow.

Osw. You are not Fate.

Arth. But Fate is in this Arm.
You might have made a Merit of your Theft.

Osw. *Ha!* Theft! Your Guards can tell, I stole her not.

Arth. Had I been present——

Osw. Had you been present, she had been mine more Nobly.

Arth. There lies your way.

Osw. My way lies where I please.
Expect (for *Oswald*'s Magick cannot fail)
A long To Morrow, ere your Arms prevail:
Or if I fall, make Room ye blest above,
For one who was undone, and dy'd for Love.

Exit Oswald and his Party.

Arth. There may be one black Minute ere To Morrow:
For who can tell, what Pow'r, and Lust, and Charms,
May do this Night? To Arms, with speed, to Arms.

Exit.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Arthur, Conon *and* Aurelius.

Con. FUrle up our Colours, and Unbrace our Drums;
Dislodge betimes; and quit this fatal Coast.
Arth. Have we forgot to Conquer?
Aurel. Cast off Hope:
Th' Imbattl'd Legions of Fire, Air, and Earth,
Are banded for our Foes.
For goin; to discover, with the Dawn,
Yon Southern Hill, which promis'd to the Sight
A Rise more easie to attack the Fort,
Scarce had we stept on the Forbidden Ground,
When the Woods shook, the Trees stood bristling up;
A Living Trembling Nodded through the Leaves.
Arth. Poplars, and Aspen-Boughs, a Pannick Fright.
Conon. We thought so too, and doubled still our pace.
But strait a rumbling Sound, like bellowing Winds,
Rose and grew loud; Confus'd with Howls of Wolves,
And Grunts of Bears; and dreadful Hiss of Snakes;
Shreiks more than Humane; Globes of Hail pour'd down
An Armed Winter, and Inverted Day.
Arth. Dreadful indeed!
Aur. Count then our Labour's lost:
For otherway lies none, to mount the Cliff,
Unless we borrow Wings, and sail thro' Air.
Arth. Now I perceive a Danger worthy me.
'Tis *Osmond*'s Work, a Band of Hell-hir'd Slaves:
Be mine the Hazard, mine shall be the Fame.

Arthur is going out, but is met by Merlin, *who takes him by the Hand, and brings him back.*

Enter

Enter Merlin.

Merl. Hold, Sir, and wait Heav'ns time; th' *Attempts* too (dangerous:
There's not a Tree in that Inchanted Grove,
But numbred out, and given by tale to Fiends;
And under every Leaf a Spirit couch'd.
But by what Method to dissolve these Charms,
Is yet unknown to me.

Arth. Hadst thou been here, (for what can thwart thy Skill?)
Nor *Emmeline* had been the boast of *Oswald*;
Nor I fore-warn'd, been wanting to her Guard.

Con. Her darkn'd Eyes had seen the Light of *Heav'n*;
That was thy promise too, and this the time.

Mer. Nor has my *Aid* been absent, tho' unseen,
With Friendly Guides in your benighted Maze:
Nor *Emmeline* shall longer want the Sun.

Arth. Is there an end of Woes?

Merl. There is, and sudden.
I have employ'd a subtil *Airy* Spright
T' explore the passage, and prepare my way.
My self, mean time, will view the Magick Wood,
To learn whereon depends its Force.

Con. But *Emmeline* ——

Mer. Fear not: This Vial shall restore her sight.

Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impossible
To *Merlin*'s Art) to be my self the Bearer,
That with the Light of *Heav'n* she may discern
Her Lover first.

Mer. 'Tis wondrous hazardous;
Yet I foresee th' Event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye safe, and bring ye back unharm'd:
Then lose not precious Time, but follow me.

Exeunt Omnes, Merlin *leading* Arthur.

Enter Philidel. *Scene, a Deep Wood.*

Phil. I left all safe behind;
For in the hindmost quarter of the Wood,
My former Lord, Grim *Osmond*, walks the Round:

Calls

Calls o'er the Names, and Schools the tardy Sprights.
His Absence gives me more security.
At every Walk I pass'd, I drew a Spell,
So that if any Fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There sets his Foot, it roots him to the Ground.
Now cou'd I but discover *Emmeline*,
My Task were fairly done. [*Walking about, and Prying betwixt the Trees.*]

Enter Grimbald *rushing out: He seizes* Philidel, *and binds him in a Chain.*

Grimb. O Rebel, have I caught thee!
Phil. Ah me! What hard mishap!
Grimb. What just Revenge!
Thou miscreant Elf, thou Renegado Scout,
So clean, so furbish'd, so renew'd in White,
The Livery of our Foes; I see thee through:
What mak'st thou here? Thou trim Apostate, speak.
Thou shak'st for Fear, I feel thy false Heart Pant.
Phil. Ah mighty *Grimbald*,
Who would not Fear, when seiz'd in thy strong Grip?
But here me, Oh Renown'd, Oh worthy Fiend,
The Favourite of our Cheif.
Grimb. Away with fullsome Flattery,
The Food of Fools; thou know'st where last we met,
When but for thee, the Christians had been swallow'd
In quaking Bogs, and Living sent to Hell.
Phil. Aye, then I was seduc'd by *Merlin*'s Art,
And half persuaded by his soothing Tales,
To hope for Heav'n; as if Eternal Doom
Cou'd be Revers'd, and undecreed for me:
But I am now set Right.
Grimb. Oh still thou think'st to fly a Fool to Mark.
Phil. I fled from *Merlin*, free as Air that bore me,
T'unfold to *Osmond* all his deep Designs.
Grimb. I believe nothing, Oh thou fond Impostor,
When wert thou last in Hell? Is not thy Name
Forgot, and Blotted from th' Infernal Roll;
But since thou say'st, thy Errand was to *Osmond*,

To

To *Osmond* sha'lt thou go; March, know thy Driver.

Phil. Kneeling. Oh spare me *Grimbald*, and I'll be thy Slave:
Tempt Hermits for thee, in their Holy Cells,
And Virgins in their Dreams.

Grimb. Canst thou, a Devil, hope to cheat a Devil?
A Spy; why that's a Name abhorr'd in Hell;
Haste forward, forward, or I'll Goad thee on,
With Iron Spurrs.

Phil. But use me kindly then:
Pull not so hard, to hurt my Airy Limbs;
I'll follow thee unforc'd; look, there's thy way.

Grimb. Ay, there's the way indeed; but for more surety
I'll keep an Eye behind: Not one Word more,
But follow decently. Grimbald *goes out, dragging* Philidel.

Phil. aside. So, catch him Spell.

Grimb. within. Oh help me, help me, *Philidel.*

Phil. Why, What's the matter?

Grimb. Oh, I am ensnar'd;
Heav'ns Birdlime wraps me round, and glues my Wings.
Lose me, and I will free thee;
Do, and I'll be thy Slave.

Phil. What, to a Spy, a Name abhorr'd in Hell?

Grimb. Do not insult, Oh, Oh, I grow to Ground;
The Fiery Net draws closer on my Limbs.

Phil. Thou shalt not have the Ease to Curse in Torments:
Be Dumb for one half Hour; so long my Charm
Can keep thee Silent, and there lie
Till *Osmond* breaks thy Chain.

Philidel *unbinds his own Fetters.*

Enter to him Merlin, *with a Vial in his Hand; and* Arthur.

Mer. Well hast thou wrought thy Safety with thy Wit,
My *Philidel*; go Meritorious on.
Me, other Work requires, to view the Wood,
And learn to make the dire Inchantments void.
Mean time attend King *Arthur* in my Room;
Shew him his Love, and with these Soveraign Drops,
Restore her Sight.

Exit Merlin *giving a Viol to* Philidel.

Phil.

Phil. *We must work, we must haste;*
Noon-Tyde Hour, is almost past:
Sprights, that glimmer in the Sun,
Into Shades already run.
Osmond *will be here, anon.*

Enter Emmeline *and* Matilda, *at the far end of the Wood.*

Arth. O yonder, yonder she's already found:
My Soul directs my sight, and flies before it.
Now, Gentle Spirit, use thy utmost Art;
Unseal her Eyes; and this way lead her Steps.
Arthur *withdraws behind the Scene.*
Emmeline *and* Matilda *come forward to the Front.*

Philidel *approaches* Emmeline, *sprinkling some of the Water over her Eyes, out of the Vial.*

Phil. *Thus, thus I infuse*
These Soveraign Dews.
Fly back, ye Films, that Cloud her sight,
And you, ye Chrystal Humours bright,
Your Noxious Vapours purg'd away,
Recover, and admit the Day.
Now cast your Eyes abroad, and see
All but me.

Em. Ha! What was that? Who spoke?
Mat. I heard the Voice; 'tis one of *Osmond*'s Fiends.
Em. Some blessed Angel sure; I feel my Eyes
Unseal'd, they walk abroad, and a new World
Comes rushing on, and stands all gay before me.
Mat. Oh Heavens! Oh Joy of Joys! she has her sight!
Em. I am new-born; I shall run mad for Pleasure. *Staring*
Are Women such as thou? Such Glorious Creatures? (*on* Mat.

Arth. aside. Oh how I envy her, to be first seen!

Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of sight. *Looking up.*
What's that above, that weakens my new Eyes,
Makes me not see, by seeing?

Mat. 'Tis the Sun.

Em. The Sun, 'tis sure a God, if that be Heav'n:
Oh, if thou art a Creature, best and fairest,
How well art thou, from Mortals so remote,
To shine, and not to burn, by near approach!
How hast thou light'ned even my very Soul,
And let in Knowledge by another sense!
I gaze about, new-born, to Day and thee;
A Stranger yet, an Infant of the World!
Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda?* Why, like me,
Dost thou not look and wonder?

Mat. For these Sights
Are to my Eyes familiar.

Em. That's my Joy,
Not to have seen before: For Nature now,
Comes all at once, confounding my Delight.
But ah! what Thing am I? Fain wou'd I know;
Or am I blind, or do I see but half?
With all my Care, and looking round about,
I cannot view my Face.

Mat None see themselves
But by Reflection; in this Glass you may. *Gives her a Glass.*

Emm. taking the Glass, and looking. What's this?
It holds a Face within it: Oh sweet Face;
It draws the Mouth, and Smiles, and looks upon me;
And talks; but yet I cannot hear it Speak:
The pretty thing is Dumb.

Mat. The pretty thing
You see within the Glass, is you.

Emm. What, Am I two? Is this another me?
Indeed it wears my Cloaths, has Hands like mine;
And Mocks what e'er I do; but that I'm sure
I am a Maid, I'd swear it were my Child. Matilda *looks.*
Look my *Matilda*; We both are in the Glass,
Oh, now I know it plain; they are our Names
That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our Shadows, *Madam.*

Emm.

Emm. Mine is a prettier Shaddow far, then thine.
I Love it; let me Kiss my to'ther Self. *Kissing the Glass,*
Alas, I've kiss'd it Dead; the fine Thing's gone; *(and hugging it.*
Indeed it Kiss'd so Cold, as if 'twere Dying.
Arthur *comes forward softly; shewing himself behind her.*
'Tis here again.
Oh no, this Face is neither mine nor thine;
I think the Glass has Born another Child. *She turns and*
Ha! What art thou with a new kind of Face, *(sees* Arthur.
And other Cloaths, a Noble Creature too;
But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy Look;
Of a Comptrolling Eye, Majestick make?
Mat. Do you not know him, Madam?
Emm. Is't a Man?
Arth. Yes, And the most unhappy of my kind,
If you have chang'd your Love.
Emm. My dearest Lord!
Was my Soul Blind; and cou'd not that look out,
To know you, e're you Spoke? Oh Counterpart
Of our soft Sex; Well are ye made our Lords;
So bold, so great, so God-like are ye form'd.
How can ye Love such silly Things as Women?
Arth. Beauty like yours Commands; and Man was made
But a more boisterous; and a stronger Slave,
To you, the best Delights of human Kind.
Emm. But are ye mine? Is there an end of War?
Are all those Trumpets Dead themselves, at last,
That us'd to kill Men with their Thundring Sounds?
Arth. The Sum of War is undecided yet;
And many a breathing Body must be Cold,
Ere you are free.
Emm. How came ye hither then?
Arth. By *Merlin*'s Art, to snatch a short liv'd Bliss;
To feed my Famish'd Love upon your Eyes,
One Moment, and depart.
Emm. O Moment, worth—
Whole Ages past, and all that are to come!
Let Love-sick *Oswald*, now, unpitied mourn;
Let *Osmond* mutter Charms to Sprights in vain,
To make me Love him; all shall not change my Soul.

Arth. Ha! Does the Inchanter practice Hell upon you? Is he my Rival too?

Emm. Yes, but I hate him;
For when he spoke, through my shut Eyes I saw him;
His Voice look'd ugly, and breath'd Brimstone on me:
And then I first was glad that I was Blind,
Not to behold Damnation.

Phil. This time is left me to Congratulate
Your new-born Eyes; and tell you what you gain
By sight restor'd, and viewing him you love.
Appear, you Airy Forms. *Airy Spirits appear in the Shapes of Men and Women.*

Man sings. *Oh Sight, the Mother of Desires,*
What Charming Objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet, when tedious Night expires,
To see the Rosie Morning guild
The Mountain-Tops, and paint the Field!
But, when Clorinda *comes in sight,*
She makes the Summers Day more bright;
And when she goes away, 'tis Night.

Chor. *When Fair* Clorinda *comes in sight,* &c.

Wom. sings. *'Tis sweet the Blushing Morn to view;*
And Plains adorn'd with Pearly Dew:
But such cheap Delights to see,
Heaven and Nature,
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes, as well as we.
This is the Joy, all Joys above,
To see, to see;
That only she,
That only she we love!

Chor. *This is the Joy, all Joys above,* &c.

Man

Man ſings. *And, if we may diſcover,*
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis, when the Fair at Mercy lies,
With Kind and Amorous Anguiſh,
To Sigh, to Look, to Languiſh,
On each others Eyes!

Chor. of all Men & Wom. } *And if we may diſcover,* &c.

Phil. Break off your Muſick; for our Foes are near.

Spirits vaniſh.

Enter Merlin.

Merl. My Soveraign, we have hazarded too far;
But Love excuſes you, and preſcience me.
Make haſte; for *Oſmond* is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of Revenge, is haſting home.
Arth. Oh take my Love with us, or leave me here.
Merl. I cannot, for ſhe's held by Charms too ſtrong:
Which, with th' Inchanted Grove muſt be deſtroy'd;
Till when, my Art is vain: But fear not, *Emmeline*;
Th' Enchanter has no Pow'r on Innocence.
Em. to *Arth.* Farewel, Since we muſt part: When you are gone,
I'll look into my Glaſs, juſt where you look'd;
To find your Face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you ſo long,
My Heart ſhall make your Picture for my Eyes.
Arth. Where-e'er I go, my Soul ſhall ſtay with thee:
'Tis but my Shadow that I take away;
True Love is never happy but by halves;
An *April* Sun-ſhine, that by fits appears,
It ſmiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.

Exeunt Arthur *and* Merlin *at one Door.*

Enter

Enter Osmond *at the other Door, who gazes on* Emmeline, *and she on him.*

Emm. Matilda save me, from this ugly Thing,
This Foe to fight, Speak, dost thou know him:
Matil. Too well; 'tis *Oswald*'s Friend, the great Magician.
Emm. It cannot be a Man, he's so unlike the Man I Love.
Osm. aside. Death to my Eyes, she sees!
Emm. I wish I cou'd not; but I'll close my Sight,
And shut out all I can —— It wo'not be;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious Image
Stares full into my Soul; and there infects the Room
My *Arthur* shou'd possess.
Osm. aside. I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her Lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before, when she was Blind,
Her Eyes dart Lightning now, she must be mine.
Emm. I prithee Dreadful Thing, tell me thy Business here;
And if thou canst, Reform that odious Face;
Look not so Grim upon me.
Osm. My Name is *Osmond*, and my Business Love.
Emm. Thou hast a griezly look; forbidding what thou askt,
If I durst tell thee so.
Osm. My Pent-House Eye-Brows, and my Shaggy Beard
Offend your Sight, but these are Manly Signs;
Faint White and Red, abuse your Expectations;
Be Woman; know your Sex, and Love full Pleasures.
Emm. Love from a Monster, Fiend!
Osm. Come you must Love, or you must suffer Love;
No Coiness, None, for I am Master here.
Emm. And when did *Oswald* give away his Power,
That thou presum'st to Rule? Be sure I'll tell him:
For as I am his Prisoner, he is mine.
Osm. Why then thou art a Captive to a Captive.
O'er labour'd with the Fight, oppress't with Thirst;
That *Oswald* whom you mention'd call'd for Drink:
I mix'd a Sleepy Potion in his Bowl;
Which he and his Fool Friend, quaff'd greedily,
The happy Dose wrought the desir'd effect;
Then to a Dungeons depth, I sent both Bound:

Where

Where stow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds; Slippery with Ooze and Slime:
The Ratts brush o'er their Faces with their Tails;
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs.
Since when the Garison depends on me;
Now know you are my Slave.

Matil. He strikes a Horrour through my Blood.

Emm. I Freeze, as if his impious Art had fix'd
My Feet to Earth.

Osm. But Love shall thaw ye.
I'll show his force in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frory Winter broods;
Yet there Love Reigns: For proof, this Magick Wand
Shall change the Mildness of sweet *Britains* Clime
To *Yzel-nd*, and the fartheſt *Thule*'s Frost;
Where the proud God, disdaining Winters Bounds,
O'er-leaps the Fences of Eternal Snow,
And with his Warmth, supplies the distant Sun.

Osmond *strikes the Ground with his Wand: The Scene changes to a Prospect of Winter in Frozen Countries.*

Cupid *Descends.*

Cup. sings. *What ho, thou* Genius *of the Clime, what ho!*
Ly'st thou asleep beneath those Hills of Snow?
Stretch out thy Lazy Limbs; Awake, awake,
And Winter from thy Furry Mantle shake.

Genius *Arises.*

Genius. *What Power art thou, who from below,*
Hast made me Rise, unwillingly, and slow,
From Beds of Everlasting Snow!
See'st thou not how stiff, and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,

I can scarcely move, or draw my Breath;
Let me, let me, Freeze again to Death.

Cupid. *Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;*
VVhat, Dost thou Dream of Freezing here?
At Loves appearing, all the Skie clearing,
The Stormy VVinds their Fury spare:
VVinter subduing, and Spring renewing,
My Beams create a more Glorious Year.
Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;
VVhat, Dost thou Dream of Freezing here?

Genius. *Great Love, I know thee now;*
Eldest of the Gods art Thou:
Heav'n and Earth, by Thee were made.
Humane Nature,
Is Thy Creature,
Every where Thou art obey'd.

Cupid. *No part of my Dominion shall be waste,*
To spread my Sway, and sing my Praise,
Ev'n here I will a People raise,
Of kind embracing Lovers, and embrac'd.

Cupid *waves his Wand, upon which the Scene opens, and discovers a Prospect of Ice and Snow to the end of the Stage.*

Singers and Dancers, Men and Women, appears.

Man. *See, see, we assemble,*
Thy Revels to hold:
Though quiv'ring with Cold,
We Chatter and Tremble.

Cupid.

Cupid. *'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye;*
In spight of Cold Weather,
I've brought ye together:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.

Chor. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us;*
In spight of Cold Weather,
He brought us together:
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

Cupid. *Sound a Parley, ye Fair, and surrender;*
Set your selves, and your Lovers at ease;
He's a Grateful Offender
Who Pleasure dare seize:
But the Whining Pretender
Is sure to displease.

2.

Since the Fruit of Desire is possessing,
'Tis Unmanly to Sigh and Complain;
When we Kneel for Redressing,
We move your Disdain:
Love was made for a Blessing,
And not for a Pain.

A Dance; after which the Singers and Dancers depart.

Emm. I cou'd be pleas'd with any one but thee,
Who entertain'd my sight with such Gay Shows,
As Men and Women moving here and there;
That Coursing one another in their Steps,
Have made their Feet a Tune.

Osmo. What, Coying it again!
No more; but make me happy to my Gust,
That is, without your struggling.

Emm. From my sight,
Thou all thy Devils in one, thou dar'st not force me.

Osmo. You teach me well, I find you wou'd be Ravish'd;
I'll give you that excuse your Sex desires.

He begins to lay hold on her, and they struggle.

Grimb. within. O help me, Master, help me!

Osmo. Who's that, my *Grimbald!* Come and help thou me:
For 'tis thy Work t'assist a Ravisher.

Grimb. within. I cannot stir; I am Spell-caught by *Philidel*,
And purs'd within a Net: With a huge heavy weight of Holy
Laid on my Head, that keeps me down from rising. (Words,

Osmo. I'll read 'em backwards, and release thy Bonds:
Mean time go in: — *To Emmeline.*
Prepare your self, and ease my Drudgery:
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honest Force, is well employ'd. *Exit Osmond.*

Emm. Heav'n be my Guard, I have no other Friend!
Heav'n ever present to thy Suppliants Aid,
Protect and pity Innocence betray'd.

Exeunt Emmeline *and* Matilda.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Osmond Solus.

NOw I am settled in my Force-full Sway;
Why then, I'll be Luxurious in my Love;
Take my full Gust, and setting Forms aside,
I'll bid the Slave, that fires my Blood, lie down.
Seems to be going off.

Enter Grimbald, *who meets him.*

Grim. Not so fast, Master, Danger threatens thee:
There's a black Cloud, descending from above,
Full of Heavens Venom, bursting o'er thy Head.
Osmo. Malicious Fiend, thou ly'st: For I am fenc'd
By Millions of thy Fellows, in my Grove:
I bad thee, when I freed thee from the Charm,
Run scouring through the Wood, from Tree to Tree,
And look if all my Devils were on Duty:
Hadst thou perform'd thy Charge, thou tardy Spright,
Thou wouldst have known no Danger threatn'd me.
Grim. When did a Devil fail in Diligence?
Poor Mortal, thou thy self art overseen;
I have been there, and thence I bring this News.
Thy Fatal Foe, great *Arthur*, is at hand;
Merlin has ta'en his time while thou wert absent,
T' observe thy Characters, their Force, and Nature,
And Counterwork thy Spells.
Osmo. The Devil take *Merlin*;
I'll cast 'em all anew, and instantly,
All of another Mould; be thou at hand.
Their Composition was, before, of Horror;
Now they shall be of Blandishment, and Love;

Seducing Hopes, soft Pity, tender Moans:
Art shall meet *Art*; and, when they think to win,
The Fools shall find their Labour to begin.

Exeunt Osm. *and* Grimb.

Enter Arthur, *and* Merlin *at another Door.*

Scene of the Wood continues.

Merl. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
But all beyond this Spot, is fenc'd with Charms;
I may no more; but only with advice.
Arth. My Sword shall do the rest.
Merl. Remember well, that all is but Illusion;
Go on; good Stars attend thee.
Arth. Doubt me not.
Merl. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my *Philidel*
To watch thy Steps, and with him leave my Wand;
The touch of which, no Earthy Fiend can bear,
In whate'er Shape transform'd, but must lay down
His borrow'd Figure, and confess the Devil.
Once more Farewel, and prosper. *Exit Merlin.*
Arth. walking. No Danger yet, I see no Walls of Fire,
No City of the Fiends, with Forms obscene,
To grin from far, on Flaming Battlements.
This is indeed the Grove I shou'd destroy;
But where's the Horrour? Sure the Prophet err'd.
Hark! Musick, and the warbling Notes of Birds;

Soft Musick.

Hell entertains me, like some welcom Guest.
More Wonders yet; yet all delightful too,
A Silver Current to forbid my passage,
And yet to invite me, stands a Golden Bridge:
Perhaps a Trap, for my Unwary Feet
To sink, and whelm me underneath the Waves;
With Fire or Water, let him wage his War,
Or all the Elements at once; I'll on.

As he is going to the Bridge, two Syrens arise from the Water; They shew themselves to the Waste, & sing.

1 Syren.

1 Syren. *O pass not on, but stay,*
And waste the Joyous Day
With us in gentle Play:
Unbend to Love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aside,
And other Arms provide;
For other Wars attend thee,
And sweeter to be try'd.

Chor. *For other Wars,* &c.

Both sing. *Two Daughters of this Aged Stream are we;*
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee;
Come Bathe with us an Hour or two,
Come Naked in, for we are so;
What Danger from a Naked Foe?
Come Bathe with us, come Bathe, and share,
With Pleasures in the Floods appear;
We'll beat the Waters till they bound,
And Circle, round, around, around,
And Circle round, around.

Arth. A Lazie Pleasure trickles through my Veins;
Here cou'd I stay, and well be Couzen'd here.
But Honour calls; Is Honour in such haste?
Can he not Bait at such a pleasing Inn?
No; for the more I look, the more I long;
Farewel, ye Fair Illusions, I must leave ye,
While I have Power to say, that I must leave ye.
Farewel, with half my Soul I stagger off;
How dear this flying Victory has cost,
When, if I stay to struggle, I am lost.

As he is going forward, Nymphs *and* Sylvans *come out from behind the Trees. Base and two Trebles sing the following Song to a* Minuet.

Dance

Dance with the Song, all with Branches in their Hands.

Song. *How happy the Lover,*
How easie his Chain,
How pleasing his Pain?
How sweet to discover!
He sighs not in vain.
For Love every Creature
Is form'd by his Nature;
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

The Dance continues with the same Measure play'd alone.

2.

In vain are our Graces,
In vain are your Eyes,
If Love you despise;
When Age furrows Faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short Blessing,
That Flies in Possessing:
No Joys are above
The Pleasures of Love.

Arth. And what are these Fantastick Fairy Joys,
To Love like mine? False Joys, false Welcomes all.
Begone, ye *Sylvan* Trippers of the Green;
Fly after Night, and overtake the Moon. *Here the Dancers, Singers and Syrens vanish.*
This goodly Tree seems Queen of all the Grove.
The Ringlets round her Trunk declare her guilty
Of many Midnight-Sabbaths Revell'd here.
Her will I first attempt. *Arthur strikes at the Tree, and cuts it; Blood spouts out of it, a Groan follows, then a Shriek.*
Good Heav'ns, what Monstrous Prodigies are these!

Blood

Blood follows from my blow; the wounded Rind
Spouts on my Sword, and Sanguine dyes the Plain.
He strikes again: A Voice of Emmeline *from behind.*
Em. from behind. Forbear, if thou hast Pity, ah, forbear!
These Groans proceed not from a Senceless Plant,
No Spouts of Blood run welling from a Tree.
Arth. Speak what thou art; I charge thee speak thy Being;
Thou that hast made my curdl'd Blood run back,
My Heart heave up; my Hair to rise in Bristles,
And scarcely left a Voice to ask thy Name.
Emmeline *breaks out of the Tree shewing her Arm Bloody.*
Emm. Whom thou hast hurt, Unkind and Cruel see;
Look on this Blood, 'tis fatal, still, to me.
To bear thy Wounds, my Heart has felt 'em first.
Arth. 'Tis she; Amazement roots me to the Ground!
Emm. By cruel Charms, dragg'd from my peaceful Bower,
Fierce *Osmond* clos'd me in this bleeding Bark;
And bid me stand expos'd to the bleak Winds,
And Winter Storms; and Heav'ns Inclemency,
Bound to the Fate of this Hell-haunted Grove;
So that whatever Sword, or sounding Axe,
Shall violate this Plant, must pierce my Flesh,
And when that falls, I dye.———
Arth. If this be true,
O never, never, to be ended Charm,
At least by me; yet all may be Illusion.
Break up, ye thickning Foggs, and filmy Mists,
All that be-lye my Sight, and cheat my Sense.
For Reason still pronounces, 'tis not she,
And thus resolv'd--- *Lifts up his Sword, as going to strike.*
Emm. Do, strike *Barbarian*, strike;
And strew my mangl'd Limbs, with every stroke
Wound me, and double Kill me, with Unkindness,
That by thy Hand I fell.
Arth. What shall I do, ye Powers?
Emm. Lay down thy Vengeful Sword; 'tis fatal here:
What need of Arms, where no Defence is made?
A Love-Sick Virgin, panting with Desire,
No Conscious Eye t'intrude on our Delights:

Her

For this thou haſt the *Syren*'s Songs deſpis'd;
For this, thy Faithful Paſſion I Reward;
Haſte then, to take me longing to thy Arms.
Arth. O Love! O *Merlin*! Whom ſhould I believe?
Emm. Believe thy Self, thy Youth, thy Love, and me;
They only, they, who pleaſe themſelves are Wiſe:
Diſarm thy Hand, that mine may meet it bare.
Arth. By thy leave, Reaſon, here I throw thee off,
Thou load of Life: If thou wert made for Souls,
Then Souls ſhou'd have been made without their Bodies.
If, falling for the firſt Created Fair,
Was *Adam*'s Fault, great Grandſire I forgive thee,
Eden was loſt, as all thy Sons wou'd looſe it.
Going towards Emmeline, *and pulling off his Gantlet.*

Enter Philidel *running.*

Phil. Hold, poor deluded Mortal, hold thy Hand;
Which if thou giv'ſt, is plighted to a Feind.
For Proof, behold the Virtue of this Wand;
Th' Infernal Paint ſhall vaniſh from her Face,
And Hell ſhall ſtand Reveal'd.
Strikes Emmeline *with a Wand, who ſtraight deſcends:* Philidel *runs to the Deſcent, and pulls up* Grimbald, *and binds him.*

Now ſee to whoſe Embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the Maiden Modeſty of *Grimbald*,
The groſſeſt, earthieſt, uglieſt Fiend in Hell.
Arth. Horrour ſeizes me,
To think what Headlong Ruine I have tempted.
Phil. Haſte to thy Work; a Noble ſtroke or two
Ends all the Charms, and diſenchants the Grove.
I'll hold thy Miſtreſs bound.
Arth. Then here's for Earneſt;
Strikes twice or thrice, and the Tree falls, or ſinks: A Peal of Thunder immediately follows, with dreadful Howlings.

'Tis finiſh'd, and the Duſk that yet remains,

Is but the Native Horrour of the Wood.
But I must lose no time; the Pass is free;
Th' unrooted Fiends have quitted this Abode;
On yon proud Towers, before the day be done,
My glittering Banners shall be wav'd against the setting Sun.
(*Exit* Arthur.

Phil. Come on my surly Slave; come stalk along,
And stamp a mad-Mans pace, and drag thy Chain.

Grimb. I'll Champ and Foam upon't, till the blue Venom
Work upward to thy Hands, and loose their hold.

Phil. Know'st thou this powerful Wand; 'tis lifted up;
A second stroke wou'd send thee to the Centre,
Benum'd and Dead, as far as Souls can Die.

Grim. I wou'd thou woud'st, to rid me of my Sense:
I shall be whoop'd through Hell at my return,
Inglorious from the Mischief I design'd.

Phil. And therefore since thou loath'st Etherial Light,
The Morning Sun shall beat on thy black Brows;
The Breath thou draw'st shall be of upper Air,
Hostile to thee; and to thy Earthy make,
So light, so thin, that thou sha't Starve, for want
Of thy gross Food, till gasping thou shalt lie,
And blow it back, all Sooty to the Sky.
Exit Philidel, *dragging* Grimbald *after him.*

ACT V.

Enter Osmond *as affrighted.*

Osm. GRimbald made Prisoner, and my Grove destroy'd!
Now what can save me —— Hark the Drums and Trumpets! *Drums and Trumpets within.*
Arthur is marching onward to the Fort,
I have but one Recourse, and that's to *Oswald*;
But will he Fight for me, whom I have injur'd?
No, not for me, but for himself he must;
I'll urge him with the last Necessity;
Better give up my Mistress than my Life.
His force is much unequal to his Rival;
True; ——But I'll help him with my utmost Art,
And try t' unravel Fate. *Exit* Osmond.

Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *and Soldiers.*

Con. Now there remains but this one Labour more;
And if we have the Hearts of true Born *Britains*,
The forcing of that Castle Crowns the Day.
Aurel. The Works are weak, the Garison but thin,
Dispirited with frequent Overthrows,
Already wavering on their ill mann'd Walls.
Alban. They shift their places oft, and sculk from War,
Sure Signs of pale Despair, and easie Rout;
It shews they place their Confidence in Magick,
And when their Devils fail, their Hearts are Dead.
Arth. Then, where you see 'em clust'ring most, in Motion,
And staggering in their Ranks, there press 'em home;
For that's a Coward heap —— How's this, a Sally?

Enter

Enter Oswald, Guillamar, *and Soldiers on the other side.*

Beyond my Hopes, to meet 'em on the square.
Osw. advancing. Brave *Britains* hold; and thou their famous Chief
Attend what *Saxon Oswald* will propose.
He owns your Victory; but whether owing
To Valour, or to Fortune, that he doubts.
If *Arthur* dares ascribe it to the first,
And singl'd from a Crowd, will tempt a Conquest,
This *Oswald* Offers, let our Troops retire,
And Hand to Hand, let us decide our Strife:
This if Refus'd, bear Witness Earth and Heaven,
Thou steal'st a Crown and Mistress undeserv'd.
Arth. I'll not Usurp thy Title of a Robber,
Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
This single Combat, which thou didst avoid;
So glad I am, on any Terms to meet thee,
And not discourage thy Repenting shame;
As once *Eneas* my Fam'd Ancestor,
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutilian* Bands,
Fought for a Crown, and bright *Lavinia*'s Bed,
So will I meet thee, Hand to Hand oppos'd:
My Auguring Mind, assures the same Success.
To his Men. Hence out of view; If I am Slain, or yield,
Renounce me Britains for a Recreant Knight,
And let the Saxon peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous Isle.
To Ratifie these Terms, I swear ——
Osw. You need not;
Your Honour is of Force, without your Oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yeild,
Yours be the Crown, and *Emmeline*.
Arth. That's two Crowns.
No more; we keep the looking Heav'ns and Sun
Too long in Expectation of our Arms.
Both Armies go clear off the Stage.

They Fight with Spunges in their Hands, dipt in Blood; after some equal Passes and Closeing, they appear both Wounded: Arthur Stumbles among the Trees, Oswald *falls over him, they both Rise;* Arthur *Wounds him again, then* Oswald *Retreats. Enter* Osmond *from among the Trees, and with his Wand, strikes* Arthur's *Sword out of his Hand, and* Exit. Oswald *pursues* Arthur. Merlin *enters, and gives* Arthur *his Sword, and* Exit, *they close, and* Arthur *in the fall, disarms* Oswald.

Arth. Confess thy self o'ercome, and ask thy Life.
Oswa. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy Power.
Arth. Then take it as my Gift.
Oswa. A wretched Gift,
With loss of Empire, Liberty, and Love.
A Consort of Trumpets within, proclaiming Arthur's *Victory, while they Sound,* Arthur *and* Oswal. *seem to Confer.*
'Tis too much Bounty to a vanquish'd Foe;
Yet not enough to make me Fortunate.
Arth. Thy Life, thy Liberty, thy Honour Safe,
Lead back thy Saxons to their Antient Elb:
I wou'd Restore thee fruitful *Kent*, the Gift
Of *Vortigern* for *Hengist*'s ill bought aid,
But that my *Britain*'s brook no Foreign Power,
To Lord it in a Land, Sacred to Freedom;
And of its Rights, Tenacious to the last.
Oswa. Nor more then thou hast offer'd wou'd I take.
I would Refuse all *Britain*, held in Homage;
And own no other Masters but the Gods.

Enter on one side; Merlin, Emmeline, *and* Matilda. Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *with British Soldiers, bearing* King Arthur's *Standard display'd.*
On the other side, Guillamar *and* Osmond, *with Saxon Soldiers, dragging their Colours on the Ground.*

Arth. going to Emm. and embracing her. At length, at length, I have thee in my Arms;
Tho' our Malevolent Stars have struggled hard,
And held us long asunder. *Emm.*

Emm. We are so fitted for each other Hearts,
That Heav'n had err'd, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our Loves.
Osw. Were there but this, this only sight to see,
The price of *Britain* shou'd not buy my stay.
Merl. Take hence that Monster of Ingratitude,
Him, who betray'd his Master, bear him hence,
And in that loathsom Dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd Noble *Oswald.*
Osm. That indeed is fittest for me,
For there I shall be near my Kindred Fiends, *(off. Is carried*
And spare my *Grimbald*'s Pains to bear me to 'em.
Mer. to Arth. For this Days Palm, and for thy former Acts,
Thy *Britain* freed, and Foreign Force expell'd,
Thou, *Arthur*, hast acquir'd a future Fame,
And of three Christian Worthies, art the first:
And now at once, to treat thy Sight and Soul,
Behold what Rouling Ages shall produce:
The Wealth, the Loves, the Glories of our Isle,
Which yet like Golden Oar, Unripe in Beds,
Expect the Warm Indulgency of Heav'n
To call 'em forth to Light——— (umphs;
To Osw. Nor thou, brave Saxon Prince, disdain our Tri-
Britains and Saxons shall be once one People;
One Common Tongue, one Common Faith shall bind
Our Jarring Bands, in a perpetual Peace.

Merlin *waves his Wand; the Scene changes, and discovers the British Ocean in a Storm. Æolus in a Cloud above: Four Winds hanging,* &c.

Æolus singing. *Ye Blust'ring Brethren of the Skies,*
Whose Breath has rufflʼd all the Watry Plain,
Retire, and let Britannia *Rise,*
In Triumph oʼer the Main.
Serene and Calm, and void of fear,
The Queen of Islands must appear:
Serene and Calm, as when the Spring
The New-Created World began,

And

And Birds on Boughs did ſoftly ſing,
Their Peaceful Homage paid to Man,
While Eurus *did his Blaſts forbear,*
In favour of the Tender Year.
Retreat, Rude Winds, Retreat,
To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat;
There ſwell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

Æolus *aſcends, and the four Winds fly off. The Scene opens, and diſcovers a calm Sea, to the end of the Houſe. An* Iſland *ariſes, to a ſoft Tune;* Britannia *ſeated in the* Iſland, *with Fiſhermen at her Feet*, &c. *The Tune changes; the Fiſhermen come aſhore, and Dance a while; After which,* Pan *and a* Nereide *come on the Stage, and ſing.*

Pan *and* Nereide *Sings.*

Round thy Coaſts, Fair Nymph of Britain,
For thy Guard our Waters flow:
Proteus *all his Herd admitting,*
On thy Greens to Graze below.
Foreign Lands thy Fiſhes Taſting,
Learn from thee Luxurious Faſting.

Song of three Parts.

For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains,
The Shepherds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair Britain *all the World outvyes;*
And Pan, *as in* Arcadia *Reigns,*
Where Pleaſure mixt with Profit lyes.

2.

Though Jaſons *Office was Fam'd of old,*
The Britiſh *Wool is growing Gold;*

No Mines can more of VVealth supply:
It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian *Dye.*

The last *Stanza* sung over again betwixt *Pan* and the *Nereide.* After which the former Dance is varied, and goes on.

Enter Comus *with three Peasants, who sing the following Song in Parts.*

Com. *YOur Hay it is Mow'd, & your Corn is Reap'd,*
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels (heap'd:
Come, my Boys, come;
Come, my Boys, come;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home;
Harvest Home,
Harvest Home;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home.
Chorus. *Come, my Boys, come,* &c.

1 Man. *VVe ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen;*
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten,
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
Chorus. *One in Ten,*
One in Ten;
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

2. *For Prating so long like a Book-learn'd Sot,*
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot;
Burn to Pot;
Burn to Pot;
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.
Chorus. *Burn to Pot,* &c.

3. *We'll*

3. *We'll toss off our Ale till we canno' stand,*
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England;
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England.
Chorus. *Old* England, &c.

The Dance vary'd into a round Country-Dance.

Enter Venus.

Venus. *Faireſt Iſle, all Iſles Excelling,*
Seat of Pleaſures, and of Loves;
Venus *here, will chuſe her Dwelling,*
And forſake her Cyprian *Groves.*

2.
Cupid, *from his Fav'rite Nation,*
Care and Envy will Remove;
Jealouſie, that poyſons Paſſion,
And Deſpair that dies for Love.

3.
Gentle Murmurs, ſweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulſes, kind Diſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

4
Every Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe Excel *in Beauty,*
Thoſe ſhall be Renown'd for Love.

SONG

SONG by Mr. *HOWE.*

1.

She. *YOu say, 'Tis Love Creates the Pain,*
Of which so sadly you Complain;
And yet wou'd fain Engage my Heart
In that uneasie cruel part:
But how, Alas! think you, that I,
Can bear the Wound of which you die?

2.

He. *'Tis not my Passion makes my Care,*
But your Indiff'rence gives Despair:
The Lusty Sun begets no Spring,
Till Gentle Show'rs Assistance bring:
So Love that Scorches, and Destroys,
Till Kindness Aids, can cause no Joys.

3.

She. *Love has a Thousand Ways to please,*
But more to rob us of our Ease:
For Wakeful Nights, and Careful Days,
Some Hours of Pleasure he repays;
But Absence soon, or Jealous Fears,
O'erflow the Joys with Floods of Tears.

4.

He. *By vain and senseless Forms betray'd,*
Harmless Love's th' Offender made;
While we no other Pains endure,
Than those, that we our selves procure:
But one soft Moment makes Amends
For all the Torment that attends.

5.

Chorus of Both.

Let us love, let us love, and to Happiness haste;
Age and Wisdom come too fast:
Youth for Loving was design'd.
He alone. *I'll be constant, you be kind.*
She alone. *You be constant, I'll be kind.*
Both. *Heav'n can give no greater Blessing*
Than faithful Love, and kind Possessing.

After the Dialogue, a Warlike Consort: The Scene opens above, and discovers the Order of the Garter.

Enter Honour, *Attended by* Hero's.

Merl. These who last enter'd, are our Valiant *Britains*,
Who shall by Sea and Land Repel our Foes.
Now look above, and in Heav'ns High Abyss,
Behold what Fame attends those future Hero's.
Honour, who leads 'em to that Steepy Height,
In her Immortal Song, shall tell the rest.

(Honour

(Honour ſings.)

1.

Hon. *St.* George, *the Patron of our Iſle,*
A Soldier, and a Saint,
On that Auſpicious Order ſmile,
Which Love and Arms will plant.

2.

Our Natives not alone appear
To Court this Martiall Prize;
But Foreign Kings, Adopted here,
Their Crowns at Home deſpiſe.

3.

Our Soveraign High, in Aweful State,
His Honours ſhall beſtow;
And ſee his Sceptr'd Subjects wait
On his Commands below.

A full Chorus of the whole Song: After which the Grand Dance.

Arth. to Merl. Wiſely you have, whate'er will pleaſe, reveal'd,
What wou'd diſpleaſe, as wiſely have conceal'd:
Triumphs of War and Peace, at full ye ſhow,
But ſwiftly turn the Pages of our Wo.
Reſt we contented with our preſent State;
'Tis Anxious to enquire of future Fate.
That Race of Hero's is enough alone
For all unſeen Diſaſters to atone.
Let us make haſte betimes to Reap our ſhare,
And not Reſign them all the Praiſe of War.
But ſet th' Example; and their Souls Inflame,
To Copy out their Great Forefathers Fame.

The

The *EPILOGUE.*

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

I've had to Day a Dozen Billet-Doux
From Fops, *and* Wits, *and* Cits, *and* Bow-street-Beaux;
Some from Whitehal, *but from the* Temple *more*;
A Covent-Garden *Porter brought me four.*
I have not yet read all: But, without feigning,
We Maids *can make shrewd Ghesses at your Meaning.*
What if, to shew your Styles, I read 'em here?
Me thinks I hear one cry, Oh Lord, forbear:
No, Madam, no; by Heav'n, that's too severe.
Well then, be safe——
But swear henceforwards to renounce all Writing,
And take this Solemn Oath of my Inditing,
As you love Ease, and hate Campagnes and Fighting.
Yet, 'Faith, 'tis just to make some few Examples:
What if I shew'd you one or two for Samples?

Pulls one out. *Here's one desires my Ladiship to meet*
At the kind Couch above in Bridges-Street.
Oh Sharping Knave! That wou'd have you know what,
For a Poor Sneaking Treat of Chocolat.

Pulls out another. *Now, in the Name of Luck, I'll break this open,*
Because I Dreamt last Night I had a Token;
The Superscription is exceeding pretty,
To the Desire of all the Town and City.
Now, Gallants, *you must know, this pretious* Fop,
Is Foreman of a Haberdashers-Shop:
One who devoutly Cheats; demure in Carriage;
And Courts me to the Holy Bands of Marriage.
But with a Civil Inuendo *too,*
My Overplus of Love shall be for you.

Reads.—— Madam, I swear your Looks are so Divine,
When I set up, your Face shall be my Sign:
Tho Times are hard; to shew how I Adore you,
Here's my whole Heart, and half a Guinea for you.
But have a care of *Beaux*; They're false, my Honey;
And which is worse, have not one Rag of Money.
See how Maliciously the Rogue would wrong ye;
But I know better Things of some among ye.
My wisest way will be to keep the Stage,
And trust to the Good Nature of the Age;
And be that likes the Musick *and the* Play,
Shall be my Favourite Gallant to Day.

FINIS.